

Mirzadeh "Winter Ceremony"

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Calm lake of lapplander
Rough holy mountain.
First-born to the nother rock,
To the victimstone of people came from south.

Scream loud the bloodsong,
The sweet sonata for ancient gods.
The knife inseaces the flesh
Inviting the children of black moon to get their share.

Slowly little heart beats out the liquid of life...

With silent cry ends the life of the newborn,
To the stone life of litle one.
To the coldness of the winter
Chills the body of harmless son.

To the darkness of the night
Melts red victims blood.

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